EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — NO. 7. BOSTON, DECEMBER 6, 1885. Entered as second-class mail matter.

DECEMBER THOUGHTS.

DECEMBER has come, and already the children begin to dream of Santa Claus and well-filled stockings. All over Christendom busy fingers are preparing for the Christmas-tide, and I think almost every heart must be a little lighter at the thought of the approaching festival. What a beautiful season it is! I might say, what a holy season, when to give is esteemed more delightful even than to receive. For I am sure it is only very selfish hearts who do not forget that Christmas may bring them something in the pleasure they have in preparing to give themselves.

How little those shepherds who heard the angels sing so many centuries ago, could have dreamed of this happy season! They saw the light from heaven, they heard the song of the angels, and wondered at it all. But more wonderful than the dazzling brightness of the angels' garments and the winged host of spirits, or the beauty of the song, or the wondrous message of good-will, was the life of that wee babe found by the wise men in the manger, and the influence he was to have upon the world. They could not guess how in the fulness of time all nations were to turn to him with love, nor fancy the beautiful festival they should keep to symbolize their belief in him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it to me." To thoughtful hearts each Christmas season comes freighted afresh with messages from heaven, and each one hears anew the angel's words, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy!"

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HAL'S BEDTIME TALK.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Hal's idea of heaven is that it is a place of great activity; and these are some of the thoughts which his ever-active little brain suggested on one particular Sunday night: —

"Mamma, is there any down-town in heaven? I should think God would have to have lots of shops, where he has to make so many different things and put them together. I should think he would get them all mixed up, if he did n't keep them separate. And, Mamma, I should think the angels would be dreadful busy running on errands. Now, old folks, like Grandpa S. [who had just passed away], can rest on a great, soft, white cloud; but Elsie [referring to a little playmate whom God had taken to himself], I guess she is kept pretty busy running on errands. And, Mamma, I guess if I was an angel, I should have lots to do."

And Mamma, with a little quiver in her voice, says, "Hal, would you be afraid to die?" And the answer came quick and earnest, "Why, no, Mamma; God has always taken pretty good care of me, and I guess he always will." Blessed faith and trust of childhood! Is it any wonder that the dear Christ took a little child, and stood him in the midst, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?" How prettily Mrs. Thaxter sings of the trust of childhood in her Easter Hymn: —

"Sweet are your eyes, oh, little ones,
That look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear,
Into the Father's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus,
With joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good,
And all things shall be well."

O. M. B.

NATURE'S CHILDREN.

THE flowers have fallen asleep
On Mother Earth's broad lap;
Softly she lays them down
For their long winter's nap.
Their coverlet, fleecy white,
Is snow, that falls each day;
Their nurseries, snug and tight,
Dame Nature's own warm clay.

But when the warm spring sun
Shines through its windows of air,
And the robins, back from the South,
Are calling everywhere,
They will open their eyes again
Where zephyrs softly blow,
And through the joyous summer
Will nod and bloom and grow.

E. P.

PAUL.

PAUL has no brothers or sisters, yet his mother is often puzzled to count her children. She says there are so many of them! First, there is Paul Cheerful, a very nice little boy, who goes whistling or singing through the house, and is always willing to run out to the letter-box with a letter, or to go on any errand. Then there is Paul Hector, who teases the maids, and plagues the dog, and makes Mamma anxious when she sees his little cousin coming to play with him. Then there is Paul Forget, who never remembers to close the door behind Grandma, and is even sometimes late to school; and Paul Faithful, who delivers a message so well and quickly. And then there is Paul Ugly, with oh such a disagreeable face! and Paul Loving, who puts his arms round his mother's neck at night, and kisses her. And there are ever so many more Pauls that I cannot mention. "Which one is really my little boy?" the mother asks herself very often. I know the ones she likes best, — don't you? Paul Cheerful, Paul Faithful, and Paul Loving must be nice boys. Let me tell you the one she would like to have always with her. It is little Paul Try-to-be-good. He is the best of all; for when you have him, he seems like Paul Cheerful and Paul Faithful and Paul Loving all in one; and I think he is.

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GIVE what you have; to some one it may be better than you dare to think.

"ONLY MY SISTER."

BY ABBIE M. GANNETT.

"SAY, John, who 's that you 're firing pebbles at?"

"Oh, Sue."

"*Sue!* Shame on you!"

"It's only my sister."

"Oh, that 's your reason, is it? *Only* your sister! I had n't taken you for such a bright fellow. I came to ask you to go fishing with me, but — really, I 'm almost afraid to take such a smart boy along. *Only!* extraordinary logic in that. I had n't thought of it before."

"Don't chaff, Hugh. I guess she does n't mind it much."

"No; it looks as if she did n't!"

Sue's face was hidden in a corner of the fence, but the movement of her brown curls gave a suspicion of crying.

"Is it fishing?" said John. "All right: I 'm your man."

"I was about to suggest that if you apologized to Sue — but never mind. Come along."

The boys — Hugh considerably the older and taller of the two — walked away; and when she knew they were out of sight, Sue turned her face — tear-stained, surely — from the fence.

It was a pleasant morning, — Saturday, and holiday of course; but Sue wondered whether she cared to go on with the work she had been doing when her brother's cannonade of small stones interrupted her, driving her ignominiously into the fence corner.

She concluded she did not care. She had been picking the first strawberries in a little patch that belonged to her, but the occupation seemed no longer attractive. She threw herself down upon the old pear-tree seat in quite a dejected manner. Not that she was hurt by John's missiles. But it was so hard to be constantly teased by him.

"He never lets me alone," thought Sue. "All brothers are not like him, I 'm sure. Some are real kind to their sisters. Hugh Ferris, now, — he 'd be ashamed to act so. What does make John, I wonder? Mother says brothers like pleasant sisters. I 'm sure I *am* pleasant to John. I do a great many things for him, but he always looks upon it as a matter of course. He *never* repays me. Oh, dear!"

Sue heaved a sigh from the very depths of her heart.

"Well," she said at length, "I ought to be glad of one thing: I don't get angry as I used to do. What a rage I used to fly into, and how John would laugh, and call me 'pepper' and 'mustard'! Things *are* better now. I suppose there is nothing to do but to go on trying to be kind, but it 's pretty hard. 'Oh, dear!" She ended with another sigh.

But presently her face grew brighter. She returned to the picking of her berries, then went in and told her mother that the little dish-full was for John's luncheon. Her mother smiled pleasantly, and Sue's decision grew firmer "to do her best to make things right between herself and John."

Sue seldom complained to her mother of John's troublesome ways; she had a sort of pride about her coming to do so well that her brother would be ashamed to treat her otherwise than kindly.

John and Hugh went first to the latter's home for fishing-rods. Hugh said his father had given him two nice new ones, and John might have the use of one.

"Some capital bait, too," he said, "I 'll ask mother to put us up some luncheon, and we can make a whole day of it."

As they were entering the gate, Hugh's pet dog Roland came running up, wagging his tail dog-fashion. Suddenly Hugh turned about and gave him a sharp kick that sent him away limping and whining.

"Hugh Ferris! what did you do that for?" said John.

"It 's only my dog," replied Hugh.

John blushed, looking angrily annoyed; but thoughts of the day's fishing checked the retort he otherwise would have made.

In the house Mrs. Ferris, a lady with a good-natured, humorous expression, met them; Hugh began speaking about the luncheon. John was looking at the box of new "bait;" unseen by him, Hugh whispered something to his mother. Her eyes twinkled; she nodded her assent.

John shut the box; and as the two were going out, Hugh turned towards his mother, and said in a rough, loud voice that made John stare at him, —

"I say, Mother, have you been picking my flowers lately?"

"Why, yes, Hugh."

"Don't you take any more of them! Can't a fellow have what he 's planted and taken care of?" Then he slammed the door rudely.

"Hugh Ferris!" exclaimed John, when they were out of doors, "I never supposed you spoke to her like that."

"It 's only my mother!" replied Hugh.

John bit his lip, and two or three quick movements on his part argued poorly for his going on. But the day's sport was a strong temptation.

Half way down the street they met a little Italian boy with a basket of fruit. Hugh stopped as if to buy; but, instead, he roughly seized and shook the boy, frightening him so thoroughly that he began to cry.

"What in the world — " began John.

"It 's only a beggar!" said Hugh.

John could no longer hold his temper. "Big as you are, I 'm half a mind to thrash you, Hugh Ferris! Think I 'll put up with such insults? Take your old rod and bait, and get somebody else to go with you!"

He threw the things down and left. Hugh's eyes twinkled somewhat after the fashion of his mother's. He gave the little fruit-seller a dime, saying he did n't mean any harm, patted him on the shoulder, and then went in search of another companion.

Poor John! Unhappy at losing the day's sport, he wandered about aimlessly for a while; then remembering that some of the boys were playing ball, he joined them. But he could not wholly forget the unpleasant events of the morning; and he left the players early and went home. Luncheon was nearly ready, and by his plate stood the dish of tempting strawberries. Once he would not have thought of asking if this were Sue's gift; but he did now, and his mother smilingly said, "Yes."

"She 's a real good sister, Sue is."

"And you are a real good brother, John."

"I propose to be, if I have n't been before," said he; and he meant it.

At luncheon, John declared that he would n't eat the berries unless Sue shared them with him. She was immensely astonished, and even more so when he showed great pains to make himself agreeable to her over them.

"Mother," said he at length, "what kind of treatment was that your friend had, — the one with the weak eyes? The doctor put something on the pupil, which helped the eye to bear the full light of the sun."

"Oh, that was Mrs. Teller," said his mother. "What he put on was cocaine. The treatment is called heroic."

"Heroic," repeated John, slowly. "Well, I think Hugh Ferris will be a doctor."

"How very funny, John!" laughed Sue. "What relation can there be between Mrs. Teller's eyes, cocaine, heroic treatment, and Hugh Ferris?"

"I mean, I think Hugh Ferris is about as able to use heroic treatment as any one I know; so he 's likely to study for a doctor."

And that was all the explanation John would give his mystified mother and sister.

But there was a great change in him; and Sue had much to thank Hugh Ferris for, though she never knew it.

John thanked Hugh, however. Months afterwards he said to him one day, —

"I say, old fellow, that was a fine lesson you taught me the day you kicked Roland, spoke roughly to your mother, and nearly frightened the wits out of the little Italian fruit-seller. It opened my eyes to what I had been blind to for a good while, and which took just that sort of thing to make me see. I say, Hugh, you 'd better be a doctor."

"Do you think so?" said Hugh, laughing.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 6.

JUAN.

BY BELLE DESOR.

"*Let your communication be, Yea, yea: Nay, nay.*"

LITTLE Juan was all alone in the big dormitory. He knelt by one of the many cots that filled the long room, with his rosary in his hand. His face was stained with tears. All the other boys of the school of San José had gone to the cathedral, for to-day was a *festa*, and there was to be a band of wind instruments there, and the music was to be unusually fine. Juan loved music, especially band music, and to think that he should not be allowed to go! He bowed his head over his rosary and wept.

The soft spring air stole in at the window by his side and touched the little hot head, and with a start he rose and looked out. The dormitory was so high up in the big building that he could see far over the city to the mountains he loved so dearly. They stood round about the plain on which the city was built, and looked down at it from their lofty summits, now growing green with the touch of spring. Juan noticed that. He saw also that the trees in the city had on their new spring dresses, as he looked across the flat-roofed adobe houses to the old church of San Miguel and then at the cathedral with its two square towers. The tears rose to his eyes. He could see just how it looked inside. He knew how the colored light that came in through the stained glass windows, where different saints were pictured, fell upon the kneeling crowd. He could see how the old scaffolding, kept there so long for the completion of the building, would look with its garlands. He could fancy he heard Fra Sebastian's pleading voice in his appeal to the people, and the sweet voices of his schoolmates singing the responses in their white vestments. He knew how the image of Mary would look with

the Babe in her arms, in the new chaplets they were to have. And then the band of music! How the notes would echo in the building that seemed so vast to him! And he remembered the sound of the turning leaves of the prayer-books, and the rustling of clothes as the women sat down on the floor after the prayers were over. It was all so plain to him, and so painful, that he turned his eyes in another direction to look at the creek of Santa Fé with its wide, flat bed already half bare, and the Bishop's garden where the fruit-trees were one mass of blossoms. But that was only new cause for grief. His tears got the better of him, and he went back to his bed and his rosary.

Little Juan was being punished for something which he had not done. The day before, the boys had been allowed to walk through the Bishop's garden. It was very pretty there. The walks were all lined with currant and gooseberry bushes and shaded by fruit-trees; and there was a little pond in the centre from which the irrigating canals ran; and there was an arbor, and there were great beds of strawberries and borders of flowers; and near the pond there was soft green grass, such as they say they have in the East all over the land. Juan loved flowers next to music, and he had always been very careful not to disturb anything when he had been allowed to go there, as he was quite often, with Fra Sebastian. This last time the kind Fra had taken all the smaller boys of the school, and some one had pulled up a plant which the Bishop had been at much trouble to get. He was trying all sorts of experiments in his garden for the benefit of his people, to see what could and what could not be raised in his city of Santa Fé; and he sent far and wide for seeds and bulbs and slips. Juan had not touched the plant, but he had been seen to go across the bed; and, alas! Juan was known not to be truthful, and though he had declared his innocence to the good Fra, even in the confessional, he was not to be believed: he had told too many stories. As he knelt there in the sunny room, he thought it all over. He had never felt so badly at any punishment he had received; perhaps because he had before deserved them. But now, not to be believed when he told the truth, — that was hard indeed! Fra Sebastian had said that penances and prayers had been of no avail with him; the untruthful spirit was in him; this time he must be denied all pleasures and privileges, and live on bread and water till the evil spirit were cast out of him, and he confessed his sin. But how could he confess when he did not do it, and did not know where that unlucky plant had been thrown? For the first time in his life, he wished he had never, never told a lie. He remembered that Fra Sebastian always believed Pedro Carasco *whatever* he said. And then he recalled a text he had heard the Fra read, — something about "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." Perhaps it was this it meant, — that if you always told the truth, then you would always be believed, even when appearances were against you. Yes, that would be better; he really thought so. And then matters grew indistinct to him, and presently, when the soft wind stole in to float across the wide bare room, out into the sunshine again, it found a little sleeping boy on his knees by the bedside, with his rosary held tight in both hands.

When Juan awaked, he felt stiff and confused for a moment. The big room was dark, save for the candle Fra Sebastian held in his hand as he stood over the little boy, and for a moment Juan could not recollect where he was. "I have come to see you, my son," said the good Fra. "I was kept long in confessional, and I have come to tell you that your punishment is at an end. The guilty one has confessed, and I have found the plant, though the Bishop fears it may not live. I have come to say that you have been wrongly punished. You did, indeed, tell the truth."

Juan rubbed his eyes. Could this be a dream? But no, the good man was really there, looking down upon him with his earnest, dark eyes; and what was this he was saying? "My dear son, I grieve for your grief, and for your undeserved punishment; but how could I believe you when you have so often deceived me? Is it not better, my son, to tell the truth?"

"Ah, yes, dear Father Sebastian, I know it now. I think I will never tell another untruth, with the dear God's help. Pray to him to help me, good Father."

"That I will," said the kind Fra. "Come down, now, to the refectory, and get your supper." He bent over to kiss the repentant boy, and they went down the stairs hand in hand.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A SHEPHERD of Invergeldie owned two collie dogs, which year after year faithfully aided him in the care of his flocks. He was kind to them, and they loved him dearly; and when at last he was taken sick they refused all their food. Day and night they watched and waited to see their master again, and grew thin and ill themselves, as ten days went by and he did not come. The servants tried to coax the dogs to eat by offering what they liked best; but not even warm milk, one of the greatest dainties to a dog's liking, would they touch. The shepherd was really very sick, and his strength fast failing; but his mother, in pity to the poor animals, told him of their grief, and begged him to try the effect of his voice upon them to induce them to eat. So the dogs were admitted to see their master. He could scarcely speak; but with great effort he called them by their names, and pointed to some food. They took it; and in this way, so long as their master lived, they were persuaded by him to eat as usual. Every day, and more than once if they had a chance, they came together into his chamber; not rushing eagerly forward, as they had been used to do, but with soft, gliding foot-fall. They would stand at his bedside, put their fore-paws on the bed, and look lovingly in his face. When at last he became unconscious in death, they went slowly and sorrowfully out of the room, seeming to be fully aware of their loss.

A BOY six years old was playing on a wharf in Yorkshire with a Newfoundland dog, when he ventured too near the edge and fell into the water. The dog instantly plunged in after him, grasped his clothes, and brought him into the dock. The child was not unconscious, and he held on by the staging, but could not climb up, and the dog was unable to get him out. But the sagacious animal ran into a yard near by where a little girl was hanging out clothes. He pulled her dress, and tried to persuade her to go with him. She did not understand, and was afraid of him. She tried to get away, but he drew her by main strength to the wharf. She was ready enough to help when she saw the poor child's danger; and together the girl and the dog pulled him out of the water. The dog lapped his little master's face, sprang in again, and brought out his hat.

History and Biography.

KING ROBERT OF SCOTLAND.

BY H. K.

IT may seem strange to find that a little insect without reasoning powers is often more persevering than a strong man; but if you have never heard of Robert Bruce, who was King of Scotland about five hundred years ago, it may interest you to read of the lesson he learned from watching a spider.

You know a spider sometimes spins a long thread to form a line on which to stretch its web. Bruce, who had just been in a battle with the English, and had with all his Scottish friends been utterly routed, had concealed himself in a wretched hovel. He was anxious and despairing, full of sad thoughts about his country and himself; and one morning after a restless night he lay on his poor bed, and looking up to the ceiling his eye was caught by the movements of a spider trying to spin its web. The little insect could not, at the first attempt, reach the beam; but it did not act at all discouraged, and tried again and again, until the seventh time it succeeded. As Robert Bruce watched its repeated failures, and saw that it kept on trying again and again, until it at last succeeded, he thought to himself: "I have attempted to drive the English out of Scotland, I have tried to restore freedom to my own country, I have been defeated in six battles; but if I can be as patient and persevering as a little spider, if I am willing to try seven times, I shall succeed." And he resolved that in spite of all discouragements he would not yield. He afterwards had many adventures; the enemy even brought bloodhounds to chase him, and he and his foster-brother were forced to wade a long distance in a stream of water until the dogs lost the scent and the poor hunted men could escape. Soon after, three men, who looked like ruffians, discovered them; the faithful foster-brother was killed, but Bruce with amazing strength slew the men one after another. Then he was very sorrowful; but though grieved for the loss of his dear foster-brother, he would not yield to despair; he still persevered.

The final battle between Bruce's followers and the English began on the 23d of June, 1314, and continued for two days. Bruce, by his perseverance, had gradually recovered all that he had lost in Scotland, until the strong hill-fortress of Stirling alone held out for the English. King Edward of England came at the head of a large army and encamped near the fortress. Robert Bruce sent messengers to find out how large a force was encamped near Stirling. They reported that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot, that English flags and banners were flying everywhere; but Robert Bruce would not be discouraged. The battle of Bannockburn that was fought then was the bloodiest defeat that the English ever suffered in their battles with the Scottish people; the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed. For twenty years the English had sent armies to overcome the Scotch. And now, after having lived like an outlaw on the Grampian Hills, Robert Bruce was King of Scotland; and better still, he was a wise, brave, and good king. Perhaps the thoughtful wisdom of his character is shown in this story of his reflections while watching the spider spinning its web, and resolving to learn from a little insect the lesson of *perseverance*.

Our Letter-Box.

The Editor is glad to find his circle of correspondents growing larger. The letters printed below have interested him very much. He hopes some other readers of Every Other Sunday will learn the inspiring verses Faith quotes. He is glad the papers are read with interest, and that they do good. That is what Every Other Sunday is published for, and it is very cheering to receive such words of appreciation. Will not Faith, or one of her brothers or sisters, write sometime again? Mary and Jennie address him as "Dear Friend," and that pleases him also; for it is what he has tried to be, — a friend to all the children. You will find their letters very interesting.

Brockton, Mass., Oct. 14, 1885.

Dear Friend, — I have been to Newport this summer, and I went to the beach. I saw people getting cat-o'-nine-tails, and there were lots of white stones. Then we took a coach (it was called a drag) and went to ride, and I saw the great historian. His name is George Bancroft. He was riding on horseback, and he had on a brown felt hat, and he had a gray horse. He had a beautiful residence. . . . I must tell you about the old mill. It was round, and moss was growing on the mill. It was a pretty sight. I saw so many wonders I cannot tell them all. From

Mary O. Thayer, 8 years old.

Brockton, Mass., Oct. 14, 1885.

Dear Friend, — My sister was writing a letter, so I thought I would write one. One day I had a letter come way from Honolulu, and on the stamp was the king's picture; and they sent me a little sprig from a fern-tree. The leaf grows two feet long, and is a beautiful tree. I answered the letter, and sent two autumn leaves; they do not have autumn leaves. My friend first went to San Francisco, . . . and then went to Honolulu, which is two thousand five hundred miles west of San Francisco, and is the capital of the Sandwich Islands, out in the Pacific Ocean. This lady was thinking of going to see the burning volcano, which looks like a burning lake of fire. . . . I take the Every Other Sunday, and enjoy it very much.

From your friend

Jennie, 10 years old.

Aiken, S. C., Oct. 1885.

Dear Mr. Editor, — It seems as if the girls do not take as much interest in the "Letter Box" as the boys do, and as I don't like to have the boys ahead of us in any such thing, I am going to begin by setting a good example, and hope the others will follow it.

We are New Englanders, who came here a number of years ago. We live three miles from town, and there is no Unitarian church here; so we do not go to Sunday-school, but have Sunday lessons at home with mamma. There are six of us, three girls and three boys; the boys are the youngest. Friday and Saturday nights we four oldest have to study our lessons, and Sundays mamma hears them. I am studying in the Book of Joshua just now, and think it very interesting. Nearly every Sunday evening papa and we children sing hymns, and mamma plays on the piano and sings also. I found some very beautiful verses in Hebrews, chapter xii.: —

1. Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

2. Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

When I found these verses I learned them, and they have done me much good. I hope some of the Every Other Sunday readers will learn them, and find as much good in them as I have.

My little brother, who is five years old, is very amusing. Not long ago he said to Alf., "Don't you wish you were an angel, Alfie?" "Why?" "'Cause then you could fly all 'round up in the sky," was the answer.

I must not forget to thank you for the extra numbers of Every Other Sunday which you send us every month. Our neighbors enjoy them very much, and they do much good which would not be done if they were not sent. We have no libraries here.

Your constant reader,

Faith.

ENIGMA III.

My first is in gain but not in loss;
My second in leaf but not in moss;
My third in any but not in some;
My fourth in dull but not in glum;
My fifth in mouth but not in source;
My sixth in fine but not in coarse;
My seventh in rod but not in pole;
My eighth in mind but not in soul;
My ninth in tent but not in house;
My tenth in dog but not in mouse;
My eleventh in master but not in king;
My whole is what Christ came to bring.

M. P. C.

NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA No. 3.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 14, 11, 8, 19, 6 is that part of the palace to which Peter went when accused of knowing Jesus at the trial.

My 14, 9, 20, 2, 16 was one of Christ's disciples.

My 17, 13, 18, 20 were once anointed with precious ointment.

My 5, 3, 12, 7 was a city of great wealth where Jesus healed a woman's daughter.

My 14, 9, 16, 10, 4, 19, 5 Jesus tells us all to be.

My 8, 11, 1, 1, 15, 12 the man was whom the Jews preferred to Christ.

My whole is an exhortation taken from the Sermon on the mount.

Y.

HIDDEN CITIES AND TOWNS OF PALESTINE.

1. See Ulm jar.
2. I am Sara.
3. He hem belt!
4. Ha, ha, pied pill!
5. Belt, eh?
6. Jo. E. Rich.
7. A can.
8. Nina.

ANSWER TO NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA No. 2.

He is one pronoun and *her* is another;
I now finish *hero* without any bother.
On a *dais* I never expect to be seated,
But I think my answer is nearly completed.
It just needs arranging; 't will take but a minute,
Then you will see how much there is in it.
Change the two middle letters in *dais* and see
Herodias plainly: no good fame has she.

M. P. C.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 5.

11. See Matt. xi. 16, 17.

12. Two thousand paces, six furlongs, or about three-quarters of a mile.

13. Fig, mustard, and olive trees.

14. Emmaus, Tiberias, Magdala, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin.

15. The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms.

At a certain dinner-table a nice bird's-nest pudding was served. "I should like to know," asked a guest, "what bird could have made so good a pudding." "That's plain enough," said a wit who was present; "it was the *cuck-oo did* it."

For Youngest Readers.

THE WOODEN SOLDIERS.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

"Oh, mamma, what does this picture mean? What are they all making?" cried Jamie, with his curly head buried in a picture-paper that papa had just brought in. "They look like dolls."

"Let me see!" said Dot, springing up so quickly that her own precious dolly fell to the floor and lay there forgotten while she eagerly leaned over her brother. "What a lot of them!"

"Bring me the paper, children, and let me see the picture," said grandma, smiling over her glasses at their interest. "Mamma is busy. Let me see it. Perhaps I can tell you. — Why, that's a scene in a Swiss châlet, and those people are carvers. How busy they seem to be!"

"What's a châlet?" asked Jamie.

"What's that little boy doing?" asked Dot.

"Why children," said grandma, laughing, "you ask more questions in one minute than I can answer in ten. A châlet, Jamie, is a Swiss house. Don't you remember the picture of one in the 'Dayspring,' last year? This is a picture of one room in the châlet, the work-shop, and there is the whole family at work."

"Well, what are they making?" asked Dot again, crawling into grandma's lap, and settling herself for a story. "Oh, I see; they're soldiers! They are making soldiers. Look, grandma! that big boy has one in his hand; and the soldier has on a cap and carries a gun."

"So he has!" answered grandma, looking at the picture closely. "I guess his name is Fritz, and the little boy's name is Carl, and the girl must be Gretchen; and there are the papa and mamma. The papa is going to chop that block of wood into small pieces, and then mamma will take one and whittle it, as you would say, and make a soldier. Then Fritz will take the soldier, and with a smaller and sharper knife will shape the head, nicely cutting the cap and the eyes, nose, and mouth. And Gretchen — well, I guess she paints them, like your soldiers, Jamie, with red jackets and blue trousers."

"But what does the little boy do, grandma? What has he in his hand?" asked Dot, quickly.

"I can't tell what that is. He does n't look old enough to do much carving. Perhaps he cuts the straight pieces for his brother to glue on for the guns; or perhaps he does the first rough work towards making the animals. He may be going to make a hippopotamus. That piece of wood

he holds looks about the right shape for one," — and grandma and both the children looked intently at the picture.

"What does he cut a hippopotamus for?" asked Dot, with much curiosity.

"Why, Noah drove a hippopotamus into his ark, did n't he?" answered grandma, laughing. "The Swiss are wonderful carvers in wood, and can not only make Noah and his family and all the animals, but dolls and soldiers and houses, and many beautiful things besides. The father teaches his whole family to carve, even the little ones; and they all work together, as you see in this picture."

"I should think that the little boy would get tired," said Jamie, who was not very fond of work. "Does he have to work all day?"

"I guess he has some time to play, but he works more than you do. The Swiss peasants are poor, and all, even the children, have to do something to earn money, and so help support the family. Those children look happy. Perhaps the mamma tells them a story while they are at work. See what a large basket they have almost full of soldiers, and there are more on the shelf! I guess they are getting ready for Christmas."

"Let's get your wooden soldiers and play," said Dot, slipping from grandma's lap.

"Get your ark too, and we 'll have the animals for horses," answered Jamie. "I am going to name the captain after the big boy. Here, stand up, Captain Fritz!" And he began to arrange his soldiers in double file behind the captain.

"Yes, and name the drummer boy after the little boy, and call him Drummer Carl," called out Dot.

"And see if you can't both be as good helpers as Fritz and Carl," added mamma, looking up from her work. "The fire needs wood, and grandma has dropped her spectacles."

"Forward! march!" called Jamie, and bounded for the wood-shed, while Dot picked up grandma's glasses; and the soldiers obeyed the order as well as wooden soldiers can.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A WALKING PEAR.

THE "GROWN-UP PYRULA."

BY UNCLE HARRY.

In No. 5 of Every Other Sunday I told my readers about the baby-pyrulas, and the curious string of pods in which these queer creatures of the sea are cradled. The same number of our paper contained a good picture of the pods in which these sea-babies live. When the little mollusks are old enough to live in the sea, a round door opens itself on one edge of their cradle; and then the pyrulas begin their new life in the shallow water near the shore. As they grow larger, the shell-house which each pyrula carries on his back grows bigger, until at last, when the creature has got his full growth, his shell is six or seven inches long. It is shaped then very much like a pear; and as the Latin word for pear is *pyrus*, this mollusk is called a *pyrula*. His shell-house has but little beauty on the outside; but its inside walls are richly colored.

One of these shells lies on the mantle in my library, and I often take it up to admire the beautiful hues of orange and vermilion with which Nature has painted it. But I took more interest last summer in the pyrula himself than I did in his handsome shell-house. One day when it was low-tide at the hour when we took our bath in the sea, we set out on a long walk to hunt for pyrulas. The water at low-tide was shallow enough for us to wade in for a quarter of a mile or more. So we walked on, keeping a sharp look-out for the "walking pears" that we were in search of. Every now and then some one of the party would stop and pick up from the floor of the sea on which we were walking an object that looked at first like a big gray stone. As soon, however, as it was taken out of the water we saw that it was a pyrula; and even while we were looking at the pear-shaped shell, the dweller within it was drawing his body into the back room, and with his queer horny foot was shutting the door behind him. When we had filled our basket and our arms with the pyrulas we took them to our rooms to watch their movements in a pail of sea-water. Sometimes they would stretch their whole body almost out of their shell-house, but on being touched would quickly retreat, dragging the heavy foot along till the door would be shut against us.

The strangest part of the pyrula is his tongue, which is a kind of muscular *file*. When the creature has caught a clam or a razor-fish for his dinner, he files away one edge of the shell of his victim, and so gets at the food on which he lives. One of my friends, who is an eminent scientist, once saw a pyrula getting his dinner. First the pyrula ran out his tongue and filed off a little piece of the edge of the clam-shell. Then holding the clam firmly by his horny foot, the pyrula brought the opened edge of the shell against the sharp edge of his own curving-shell, and pried the clam open, just as a man opens an oyster by prying the shell open with a knife-blade. I think this is one of the most wonderful feats that any shell-fish can perform; and so far as I know, this is the first account of it that has ever been printed. But there are hundreds of interesting things to be learned about mollusks; for the habits of these shell-fish are as curious as their shell-houses are handsome in their shape and color.

A SEPTEMBER CHRISTMAS.

BY AUNT DOROTHY.

"Why, December is the month! Who ever heard of Christmas in September?" exclaim nieces and nephews all in a breath. But let me tell them about it, and then they will see just how much of a Christmas it was.

We were up among the mountains, spending that first and loveliest of fall months. Nature had been furnishing us with some of the very best of her sunshine and air, and had robed the trees in their most beautiful holiday attire; and we had all basked in the former and "enthused" over the latter to our heart's content. But one afternoon it grew gray and threatening, warning us of a coming storm; and the next morning at breakfast some one exclaimed, "Why, it is *snowing!*" Sure enough, there were the white flakes coming slowly down; and down they came, softly but persistently, all that long day, until at night more than five inches had fallen of

"The wonder-working snow and white."

Covering lawn and field and wood, standing high in ridges on piazza-rail and fence, filling the air and shutting out all the view, it completely metamorphosed our sunny mountain retreat. The trees bent low under their double burden of snow and leaves, and the moon that night looked down on a white world, such as we of New England are familiar with in the winter months.

A stormy day at a summer hotel naturally suggests an entertainment in the evening; and on this occasion some one went round in the afternoon, asking for contributions to that end, to which every one was glad to respond. But it was to be a secret. No one was to know the nature of the entertainment until evening. One of the parlors was appropriated, and the doors kept carefully guarded, that none but the initiated might catch a glimpse of what went on within. A committee of two donned waterproofs and over-shoes, and braved the storm in the interest of the cause; while still the preparations went on in the closed room, and the rest of the household were left to their *qui vive* of expectation.

With music, fancy-work, and games, talking, reading, and letter-writing indoors, the day wore on, and night came. Soon after tea the expected summons was received, and we were ushered into the mysterious room. There, surprise of surprises, was a *Christmas tree!* Candles, pop-corn, presents, and all! Santa Claus himself had joined in the frolic, and our senses were quite bewildered as to time and season. Was it only yesterday that we were sitting on the hillside in the almost July sunshine, drinking in the delicious air? Surely, the night was Winter's own; and a small fir-tree on the piazza, brought there by some devotees of the "fir-pillow craze," had put a bright idea into somebody's head, which had been carried out for the pleasure of all.

The gifts had been tied up in nice little parcels and numbered, and a hat was now passed round, out of which each one drew a slip of paper, also numbered. One of the ladies in the secret, with her facile pen had written verses for each, which were put in with the gifts; and now the distribution began.

As a package was taken from the tree, and the number called, whoever had the corresponding number responded and received it. And when the paper was opened, the contents were held up for all to see, and the verse read aloud. What an air of mystery hung round every brown-paper parcel! And what gay laughter resounded as their secrets were revealed! There were small baskets from the Indian camps on the hill; there were "favors" from the "White Mountain store;" and various other articles, from a couple of yards of print to a "roaring lion." Every one was remembered, even to the baby-boy asleep in his crib upstairs.

Most entertaining of all was the reading of the original verses; and many were the shouts of merriment as the appropriate lines were heard. "What a bright idea!" "Just the thing for this wintry night!" "A great success!" "So good of them!" etc., were the enthusiastic comments heard on all sides as we dispersed. And among the many pleasant memories of our mountain sojourn will always be that of the September Christmas.

THE TURQUOISE RING.

BY MISS FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

One Thursday morning Mrs Erdman's kitchen was a scene of great activity. Mrs. Erdman herself was weighing sugar and butter and measuring out currants and raisins; Bridget's strong arms were beating eggs; Carrie was slowly and carefully slicing citron into the very thinnest of shavings; Agnes was rummaging in the table-drawer for the old scissors which she was presently to use in stoning the raisins; and Grandma Erdman was studying the cook-book, in order to decide what kind of cake was best to be made after the fruit-cake was out of the way.

All this great preparation was making, because to-morrow Grandpa and Grandma were to celebrate their golden wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and no preparation could be too great for such an event. Agnes and Carrie were especially interested in the occasion; for not only is cake very nice after it is baked, frosted, and sliced, but it is also attractive in its earliest stages. When citron is being sliced, as every little girl knows, the bits one slips into one's mouth are very sweet; so, too, are the raisins which now and then get stoned by sharp little teeth instead of active little fingers. And, oh! is there a girl who does not love to scrape out the big bowl and devour the sweet dough after mamma has put into the bake-pans all *she* could get out of it?

Of course Agnes and Carrie were having a "beautiful time."

"Mother," said Aunt Mary, coming out of the pantry with her hands and the end of her nose well covered with whitening, "in cleaning the silver we want to use to-morrow, I find that your old cake-basket is not here. You remember you lent it to Mrs. Macy last week when she had her sewing-circle. Did she return it?"

"No, she did not. We must send for it right away, because she is going to New York to-night. She says she is very sorry she can't be with us to-morrow," answered Grandma.

"So am I, I like her so much," added Mrs. Erdman. "Carrie, get your hat and run up to Mrs. Macy's and give her my compliments, and ask her to please give you Grandma's cake-basket if she is quite done with it."

"Oh, Mamma, why need I go now? This afternoon will do just as well."

"No, it will not, Carrie. Your aunt is rubbing the silver now, and she can't bother with it again this afternoon."

"I think Mrs. Macy ought to send it home."

"Nonsense! She has no little daughters to do her errands. Go at once."

Carrie did not want to leave the citron and raisins. It was a long walk to Mrs. Macy's, and

the yellow bowl would be cleaned and put back in the pantry before she returned. Agnes would have the scrapings all to herself. So she put on a doleful look and said, —

"I 'm awfully tired, Mamma. I 've been dusting ever since breakfast. I know I 'll be sick tomorrow; but that does n't make any difference, I suppose."

"Carrie is tired, Mamma. *I* will go," exclaimed Agnes cheerfully. "I can rest after I get there."

"But, my dear, your foot is not well. If you take that long walk it will be worse."

Agnes had, a few days before, let a flat-iron fall on her left foot, and ever since then she had limped a good deal.

"I guess not, Mamma; I will walk slowly. You are not in a hurry, are you?"

"I am ashamed of you, Carrie. You are more lazy and selfish than tired," answered their mother, trying to decide mentally what would be the wisest punishment she should inflict on her.

So Agnes went cheerfully on her errand, saying to herself that it would really not hurt her foot any more to walk to Mrs. Macy's than it would to be hopping about the kitchen, and there would be fruit-cake baked in many a day to come.

"Carrie, have you sliced all the citron there was in the bag?" Mrs. Erdman presently asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then go up to the sitting-room and lie down on the lounge; if you are so tired you ought to rest. Lie there until I call you."

"Oh, I am not tired enough for that! I can stone the raisins just as well as not."

"Do as I tell you," was the emphatic answer, in a tone not to be disobeyed.

So good-by raisins and currants and sweet dough! Who ever knew an active, healthy girl willing to lie on a lounge under such circumstances? Carrie began to wish she had gone to Mrs. Macy's.

After a lapse of nearly two hours, when the cake was all in the oven and Carrie was just released from her undesired rest, Agnes came limping into the house with the cake-basket in her hand.

"Oh, Mamma, I 'm afraid you began to think I was never coming back! Mrs. Macy would have me sit down and rest. She gave me some warm doughnuts and a mug full of *real cream*, and then let me look over all her jewelry and ribbons while she was packing. Just as I was coming away she put this *lovely* ring on my finger. Just see, it is a real turquoise! She says she had it when she was a little girl."

"That 's just the way! Agnes gets everything. She has gold ear-rings, and now this ring; and *I* have n't one bit of jewelry. Yet I am two years older than she is. It is n't fair!" Carrie said, with a pout and a scowl.

"And pray why does Agnes get so many pretty presents?" answered her mother. "Because she is always courteous and obliging. If you had gone to Mrs. Macy's, as I wanted you to do, remember, perhaps you would have got that pretty ring. I hope this will be a lesson to you, for you know, Carrie, you did not tell the truth; you were not so tired that you could not have gone there for me."

"I did not know about the ring."

"Neither did Agnes; she did good, hoping for nothing in return. It is only by doing the duty that lies before us, even if it be irksome, that we have a right to hope for reward of any sort. If we receive no other recompense, we shall at least have a clear conscience."

Teachers' Department.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

The regular monthly meeting of the Sunday-School Union, held November 16, was, like its predecessors, a most interesting one. After the usual devotional exercises, conducted by the President Mr. J. C. Norris, the question of admitting to the Union those ministers who are superintendents of Sunday-schools was brought before the meeting. A discussion was attempted, but the feeling of the meeting was so uniform that it occupied very little time. An informal vote was taken, which practically admitted the clerical superintendents, and an amendment to the By-laws to that effect will come before the next meeting, to be regularly acted upon. Pending that, Mr. William H. Baldwin moved that the Secretary be instructed to invite, as guests of the Society, at its next meeting, such pastors as are the regular superintendents of the Sunday-schools under their charge. The motion was seconded and passed.

Rev. S. H. Winkley was then called upon to illustrate, for the benefit of those present, his method of using a question-book. He prefaced his exemplification by saying that a question-book is merely an analysis of the subject in hand, a sort of skeleton to build upon. He then proceeded to show what he meant, by taking a lesson upon Psalm xxiii., using his own latest book, "Questions Concerning the Son of Man." He began by asking, Who was David? Who was Jesse? What was the difference between American and Hebrew shepherds? saying that while we drive the sheep, they *lead* them. He discoursed at some length on the care those old-time shepherds gave their sheep, describing the dangers the sheep were subject to, and dilating upon the difference between a good and bad shepherd: then applied the lesson by speaking of the fact that God was *our* shepherd. When he reached the fourth verse of the Psalm, he showed how he would bring it home to the youngest scholar. Hardly any Sunday could come when some one of a class would not have been in what was to them a "valley of shadow." Wounded feelings, keen disappointments, make "valleys of shadow," and to the child they are as hard to experience as anything in later years. He would talk to the children and encourage them to talk to him, sympathizing in all their troubles. Then followed remarks on the ever-watchful care of the Heavenly Father, on what was true prosperity, etc.; and the book was laid down.

Mr. Winkley then went on to use a more advanced lesson-book, "The Higher Life," also one of his own manuals, to show how he dealt with older scholars, — though he asserted that he always used one book for the whole school, each teacher adapting the lesson to the scholars taught. The lesson he took was on "Intelligently Liking God." He explained the difference between liking and loving. We could love our enemies, but we could not like them. Liking meant approval; loving meant interest. So God must be perfect, else we could not like him. He spoke of his early Evangelical training, and the difficulty he had in liking a God who seemed to him unjust. In his childish heart, which separated widely "God the Father" from "God the Son," he had wished the former could die that the latter might reign. Unitarianism had been a great happiness to him; God and Christ were no longer two, — they were *really* one: the Son, the manifestation of the Father. In the privacy of that meeting he would say one thing. He felt that Unitarians needed shaking up. They possessed something so good, such a precious gospel, and yet they were so indifferent to its dissemination! He went on to show all the reasons we had for "liking" God, and for desiring to please him. We are his children. It is natural for us to aspire. We enjoy "going up;" conscience helps us to it. The nearer perfection we reach, the more we shall be one with God, and the happier we shall be. He told various anecdotes to illustrate real love; to show the difference between emotion and action; why sacrifice for a person creates love; what we should and should not do, if we always stopped to think whether God would approve. Mr. Winkley made throughout the lengthy talk a most interesting lesson. No one heard him whose heart did not burn. Such a Sunday-school teacher would inspire any one.

After this followed questions and answers which elicited the following information. No Sunday-school can be well conducted without teachers' meetings, and it is *imperative* that all teachers should attend them. Mr. Winkley has three every Friday, — at three, five, and seven o'clock respectively, for those who can best attend at those hours. He teaches the teachers; *they* the classes. It is not necessary to finish each lesson in one day, with the classes; do only what can be done well. It is necessary for the Superintendent to take a new lesson each week with the teachers. Uniformity of work in the school need not be insisted upon. The teacher should always keep his object in view, whether it is information (sacred history, geography, etc.), or character, or true piety. Be sure your class really gains something each day; repeat the questions till you have assurance of it; try every means to interest your class, and do not give up till you have succeeded.

Mr. Winkley proved his ability to deal with both Sunday-school teachers and scholars, and the evening was most enjoyable, as well as most profitable. The meetings of the Union gain in sociability, and are most helpful and inspiring.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. — No. 11. Against Evil Speaking. No. 12. Oath-taking and Truth-telling.

Evil Speaking. On this subject the writer of the lessons would like to quote from a tract once written by him, and published by the American Unitarian Association: —

"We shall get nearer the heart of the matter by considering what this gift of the tongue is, whose use so blesses, and whose abuse so curses, man. It is nothing less than the gift of a faculty which distinguishes man from all other animals. He is the speaking animal; and whether he came from ape or Adam, he is what he is because to him alone the faculty of speech has been given, by him alone has language been invented and its civilizing agency felt. Of the two legends of the creation in the Book of Genesis, only the second gives us a picture of human life. In the first story the silent pair, who simply hear the divine command, but give no answering word of human speech, are merely finer animals, with comelier shape and fairer features than the rest. But in the second narrative we are told that Jehovah brought the beasts and the fowls to man 'to see what he would call them;' and thus with the speaking-Adam Eden became the abode of man, and human history began.

"This Hebrew legend is repeated in every household to-day, when in the Eden of home a new life begins. How the young creature, who has in his own little way a sort of Adam-like dominion over everything around him, is eagerly watched, that his first intelligible speech may be caught! What a joy is born into the house when a single syllable breaks, in sweet, stammering utterance, from the infant's lips!

"If such be the worth of language in its first feeble beginnings, who can estimate its value when, through lips inspired, it gains dominion over the human mind, sways the emotions, rules the passions of the heart, and bends even the destiny of nations by its mighty power? Thanks to the great Giver of all good for this divinest gift of speech, — the hand-maid of reason, servant of thought,

affection's ready messenger, bearer of hope and comfort and consolation, inspirer, quickener, mover of the world. What folly so inexcusable as thoughtlessly to abuse so noble a faculty? What sin so great as purposely to misuse it, — to turn its sweet waters into the foul, muddy streams of falsehood and slander? Surely, it is no light offence thus to pervert God's noblest gift; and human responsibility is nowhere so clearly set forth as in that solemn warning of Jesus, that 'for every idle word men shall speak, they shall give account in the day of judgment.'"

Oath-taking and Truth-telling.

We recommend to every teacher to read Dr. Dewey's sermon on Truthfulness. It is found on page 703 of the complete edition of Dr. Dewey's Works, published by the American Unitarian Association (the "One Dollar" Edition). Truthfulness is so essential to character, a virtue so fundamental and imperative, that it would be well for us to make it for a time, as Dr. Dewey suggests, our chief moral discipline. With children and young people this virtue needs constant watchfulness and unceasing nurture. But the one thing needful is to insist on the binding obligation to be truthful, not for utility's sake, but simply because it is right. The doctrine that a lie may be told if no harm comes from it to others is pernicious in the extreme. Who is to judge of its harmfulness? Do we assent to this doctrine when it is applied to other things? Is it right to steal from a rich man, because we think he will not be harmed by the trifling loss of a few dollars? Is there not, in short, an absolute and imperative obligation, a commanding *ought*, with respect to telling the truth? Have I not, as a man, a *bounden duty* in this matter? Is not the old-fashioned notion of the essential meanness of all lying based on a higher conception than mere utility? Finally, will not he be most likely to refrain from speaking with "false lips" who has that "sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which feels a stain like a wound," of which Burke so eloquently discoursed? Let questions like these be carefully pondered by the teacher of this lesson.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

One of our pastors, who is thoroughly alive to the needs of the Sunday-school, writes us: "Now that the Sunday-School Society is incorporated, it remains for us ministers to get our schools incorporated into the parishes, and made a vital part of them. . . . We had a magnificent meeting at Providence. I saw fruits of it the very next Sunday, both in the school and in the church. Teachers were at church who had not been there for six months, and I have to believe it came from the thrill they got at Providence."

Mr. Walter S. Blanchard has recently taken charge, as Superintendent, of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Concord, Mass.

Delegate members from fifty-seven Unitarian parishes attended the Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society at Providence. Many of these delegates were active teachers in the Sunday-schools of the parishes they represented.

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its kind.

The noblest influence on earth is exerted on character.

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

Our Book Table.

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

Class A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

Chapters on Plant Life. By Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 206. Price, $1.50.

A more simply written book can hardly be found upon the subject. It is the last published of "Harper's Young People Series," and is written entirely for children; but I think any beginner in botany, whether old or young, would find it instructive. Mrs. Herrick tells her readers how to verify the facts she gives them, in simple ways. The illustrations are many and excellent. I can earnestly recommend the book for Sunday-school libraries. It will teach the children how to use their eyes. P.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

A Little Country Girl. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 283. Price, $1.50.

If one had ever heard of Christian *etiquette* (Christian *courtesy* we speak of, commonly), I should say that Susan Coolidge had taken that for her text when she wrote "A Little Country Girl." Shy Candace Arden goes from a plain country home to a beautiful one in Newport, where she sees, for the first time, butlers and French maids, finger-bowls, etc., with all the various paraphernalia of this nineteenth-century luxury and elegance of living. The story is of her initiation into the mysteries of such life by her Cousin Kate, who is a true woman as well as a charming and lovable lady, and who explains to her the underlying reasons for such things. It is pleasantly written, and breathes true lady-hood from cover to cover. Cousin Kate might well be a model for others besides Candace. One episode in the book (Georgie Gray's imprudence) might by some people be considered objectionable. But in the light of the fact that even young girls belonging to the highest families are sometimes guilty of such indiscretions (committed merely "for the fun of it"), possibly the lesson is not an unnecessary one. The author has treated the whole matter from the standpoint of an elevated and refined mind, and without doubt only ventured to put such an incident in her book because she saw the real need of such a warning to those who would be her readers. P.

The Story of Rome. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. Illustrated. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 355. Price, $1.50

In our last issue we noticed "The Story of Greece." Now comes the fascinating tale of Roman valor, character, usage, and greatness. Mr. Gilman has wrought with mingled enthusiasm and scholarship; with a happy union of candor and appreciation. The result is a book that deserves the highest commendation. It is just the one to put in the library, to give to youth, to select for a gift. H.

The helpful life is the holy life.

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No better Christmas Gift can be presented to a Sunday-school scholar or teacher than a year's subscription to

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Send orders to

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

7 Tremont Place, Boston.

FOR CHRISTMAS SUNDAY.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society have issued:

1. **The Wonderful Star.** A Sunday-School Exercise for Eighteen Children, with Recitations in verse. By Miss Kate L. Brown. Price, 5 cents a copy (including the page of music for the carol).
2. **A Christmas Service** reprinted from the S. S. Service Book, with a Carol and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," from the Hymnal. Price, $2.50 per hundred; 3 cents per copy.
3. **Mr. Spaulding's Christmas Service of 1884** (containing the Song, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," etc.). Price reduced to 3 cents per copy, and $2.50 per hundred.
4. **Mr. Spaulding's Christmas Service of 1883,** with Carols, Processional, etc. Price, 3 cents per copy; $2.50 per hundred.

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